

THE CLARION.
NEWS AND NOTES.

Interviewing Mrs. Young.

Denver Tribune.]

Hearing that Brigham Young Jr., and his family had arrived from Salt Lake and were quartered at the American House, one of the Tribune reporters took a notion yesterday morning that he would run down and interview Mrs. Young. The scheme of interviewing Brigham was an old one—there would be no enterprise in anything of that kind, but the idea of a chat with the wife seemed new and brilliant.

"Can I see Mrs. Brigham Young in the parlor for a few moments?" inquired the reporter at the office counter of the American House.

"Walk up to the parlor and I'll find out," said Mr. Smith.

The parlor was the largest the reporter had ever seen. It was eighty feet one way and seventy the other, and the ceiling was so high that the reporter thought they must have a telescope to determine when it needed whitewashing. He sat down in a chair in one corner. Pretty soon a tall, stout lady entered the room. "Mrs. Young I suppose?" asked the reporter.

"Yes sir," answered the lady.

"I have called, madam," said the reporter, "to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Ah, sir," said the lady pleasantly, as she took a seat, "I fear I shall be unable to gratify your curiosity. My husband has gone out for a walk; when he returns he will doubtless be glad to advise you upon any topic concerning our faith of which it may be proper to say anything."

"But I wish to obtain your views," explained the reporter. "Mr. Young has frequently been heard through the press while his wife has never been interviewed. May I hope, madam, that you will accord the Tribune the honor of being the first to convey to the public your views?"

"Did you wish to see me?" inquired a small, thin lady, who had entered the parlor quite noisily.

"Excuse me," said the reporter, "but Mrs. Young was the lady I asked for."

"Well I am Mrs. Young," said the small, thin lady.

"Yes," said the tall, stout lady, "this is Mrs. Young, and so am I. This is Sophia, Mr. Young's fourth wife, while I am Margaret, his seventh wife—he calls me Birdie."

The reporter was considerably embarrassed. He might have been happy with either, were it other fair charmer away.

"Be seated, madam," said he: "I have called to ascertain your views on the questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to Mormonism."

"Oh, but I've nothing to say," protested the small, thin lady; "Brigham will be in shortly, and maybe he'll talk with you."

"But, madam," urged the reporter, "Mr. Young has frequently been heard from through the press, while his wife—beg pardon, I mean his wives have never—"

"Who was it wanted to see me in the parlor?" asked a red-haired, freckle-faced lady coming into the room at this juncture.

"Why, this gentleman is a reporter," explained the tall, stout lady, "and he has come to interview us. Mr. Reporter, this is Mrs. Lucy Young, my Brigham's second wife."

Mrs. Lucy Young bowed stiffly and sat down on a hair-cloth sofa.

"I'm not going to be interviewed," she said. "If there's any interviewing to be done, Biggie's got to do it."

"Hello, girls, anybody down here want to see me?"

The inquirer was a curly-headed, red-cheeked young lady, who came bounding into the room very unceremoniously.

"It's a reporter come to interview us," said the freckle-faced lady.

"A reporter? Why, how funny? exclaimed the curly-headed, red-cheeked young lady, laughing heartily. She sat down next to the reporter.

"I'm one of the Mrs. Young," said she, "but I mustn't say a word that is liable to be printed. Biggie would never forgive me if I did. I'm his fourteenth wife, you know, and he's awful jealous. Oh, there you are, Emma. Come in dear. Here's an editor who wants to interview us."

"Emma was another wife—the eighth. She was cross-eyed, but otherwise comely to view. She was followed by Rachel, the third wife, who was brown-haired and blue-eyed, and demure looking. They were duly introduced. The reporter felt himself called upon to commence all over again.

"Mrs. Young," said he, addressing the group, "I have called to ascertain your views on questions involved by polygamy and other institutions peculiar to the Mormons."

"Wouldn't it be better to call the rest of us before we attempt to be interviewed?" suggested the eighth Mrs. Young.

"Perhaps so," said the reporter. But—"but—how many are you?"

"Oh, we're quite a family," said the fourth Mrs. Young, and going to the parlor door called out: "Maud, Jennie, Clara, Rebecca, Harriet, Mabel, Ruth, Julia, Frances, Mary, Caroline, Esther, come into the parlor, and bring the rest of us with you."

The reporter pinched himself to discover whether he was awake. There was no doubt about it.

Mrs. Young began to stream into the parlor. There was every variety of her. She was tall, short, fat lean, red-faced, pale-cheeked, plump, scrawny, old, young, sour, pleasant, vivacious, stupid, graceful, and awkward. The parlor got crowded—why don't they have bigger parlors at the American House, anyway?

The idea of expecting a reporter to interview Mrs. Young in a room not more than 6x8! The air was stifling. The reporter felt as if he were going to faint. He began to regret he had ever undertaken the novel task of interviewing Mrs. Young.

"Oh, girls, girls, here comes Biggie!" cried one of the ladies who had been looking out of the window.

"Where?" where?" screamed the rest, rushing pell-mell to the windows—there were seven of them—and craning their necks to get a look at their husband.

Such a scrambling and hustling never were seen before. Mrs. Young pushed, crowded, slapped, and scratched one another in their attempts to secure a view of her liege lord.

"See, he throw a kiss at me!" exclaimed Mrs. Young.

"He didn't either! It was for me!" cried Mrs. Young.

"And immediately the rest of Mrs. Young indignantly asserted the kiss was meant for her, and then ensued a war of words, in which such endearing epithets as "You saucy jade," "You pert minx," "You mean thing," and "You cross old hen," figured conspicuously.

The reporter crept wearily away from the scene. As he tottered through the hotel office Mr. Smith stopped him.

"I hope you succeeded in getting the interview you wanted," said Mr. Smith; "I did the best I could under the circumstances, but the fact is quite a number of Mrs. Young have gone out shopping and others were feeling too much under the weather to receive callers."

A Squatter Family.

Arkansas Traveller.]

A traveller on horseback, attracted by a large number of children noddled around the door of an Arkansas cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school house?"

"Did you take it for such?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you've a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are all those children yours?"

"I reckon they are."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out and lets 'em scratch."

"What do they get to eat?"

"Bugs an' such."

"Come, my good woman, you are trying to joke me. I am a stranger in this country and I really asked for information. I have often heard of squatters. Do you belong to that family?"

"I reckon I do, for I squat sometimes an' comb my hair when the chillen air asleep."

"Where is your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well, you see, them deputy martins came along one day an' seed him bilin' some corn in a kittle, an' 'lowed he was makin' whisky, so they tuck him along."

"Look out there!"

The stranger, dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped and struck him on the shoulder.

"Didn't know he was there," said the traveller, regarding with astonishment the youngster, who arose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckon you did," the woman replied, "but lemme tell you; the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drap on you at any minute, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take the big road an' move. Good-day, You Ike, put that lizzard down. Eph, that ar' tarripin' 'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John. Nick, don't chew that vine, fur it'll pizen ye."

Oratory.

"I shall never forget my first trip away from home, nor the impression it made upon me. I was quite a young man, and some business fell into my hands that carried me North. I had never been so far as Washington before, and of course I wanted to see what there was to be seen. I went into the Senate gallery and took my seat. I could easily pick out the prominent men by the pictures I had seen of them. Pretty soon a question came up, and the President of the Senate announced that Mr. Webster was entitled to the floor. Of course I was very much gratified that I was to hear him. He arose and began speaking in an ordinary conversational way. I think he took his snuff occasionally. He never made a gesture from the time he opened until he closed. I thought it was all sound doctrine, but I was convinced that I knew a dozen college boys who could beat him speaking. The next morning I picked up a paper. There was his speech headed, 'Mr. Webster's Great Speech on the Finances.' Pahaw, I thought, they don't call that a great speech, do they? I saw another paper. There it was again headed, 'Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. I went to Baltimore. There they had Mr. Webster's great speech on finances. I reached Philadelphia and everybody was talking about Mr. Webster's great speech on finances. I got to New York. There everything was in a ferment over Mr. Webster's great speech on the finances. It was the same way in Boston. So I concluded that it was not the way a man said anything, but what he said that made him an orator."—Alexander H. Stephens.

Fox dressing the hair, and beautifying it when gray, nothing is so satisfactory as Parker's Hair Balsam.

At Uniontown, Pa., James Nutt, son of State Treasurer Capt. A. C. Nutt, deceased, shot and killed his father's murderer on the 13th. He shot four times, all the balls taking effect. Dukes died instantly. Dukes had been frequently warned of his danger in remaining in Uniontown, and he lately said he would either stay there or in the cemetery.

(Peculiar interest) attends this case. Dukes had befouled the daughter of Nutt, then betrayed her, and then murdered her father. And the most singular part of it all was, that a Pennsylvania jury acquitted him.)

Mother, think of the battle that is being waged by worms against the life of your child. There is no sign of rest with them; they fight to kill. Shriver's Indian Vermifuge will annihilate them. Only 25 cents a bottle.

Self-Care and the Preservation of the Vital Forces.

Philadelphia Ledger.]

Life underlies all action, death terminates it. Every one admits this, but few seem to realize that between fullness of life and death exist innumerable shades or degrees; that just in proportion to the wealth of vitality that any one possesses will be his powers in various directions. We rightly condemn suicide, but we forget that every drop drained from the cup of life to diminish its affluence partakes of the same character. If we have no right to take the whole, what can give us the right to take a part? We admit the duty of self-preservation, but what do we mean by it? Simply to keep ourselves just alive, or to keep adding to our vitality by every possible means and so enhancing our power of action?

Let us see for a moment the difference to the community at large between self-neglect and self-care. He who neglects himself is to that extent weak. If he exhaust his energies, they diminish. If he strain them still more by continued endeavor, they grow yet feeble. Discouragement follows, difficulties surround him, and he has no adequate strength to cope with them, still less has he any reserve of power for active enjoyment or to promote the happiness of others. His family must endure his irritability and share his poverty. His friends must partake of his unhappiness, and many lives will be laid under contribution in various ways to keep the last spark alive in him. Perhaps he began by a sense of obligation to others and a willingness to sacrifice much for their sakes, but he has mistaken the road, and has involved those for whom he toiled in his own misery.

On the other hand, look at the man who, by self-care, has maintained his health and happiness. He has a sense of power and delights in its exercise. Conscious of past successes and confident of future ones, he takes up his work with glad energy, and has a reserve of force sufficient to make relaxation pleasurable. How does all this act upon others? He is able to maintain his family in comfort, to educate his children, to raise the tide of life in each one, and so to hand down to posterity valuable and happy citizens. His own abundant vitality and cheerfulness bring joy to every circle he enters, and his simple preface is a direct source of pleasure. More than this, he maintains the power of doing good in many other ways, while his feeble neighbor uses up his whole vitality in earning a bare existence. We know well what is implied by a reserved fund of money or of time, over the actual needs of our daily life—how they can be applied to a hundred objects of comfort and pleasure to our families, or of welfare to the community. But it rarely occurs to us that the same thing applies, in even a more effective and permanent manner, to our vital powers. To have a surplus of strength is at once to have many opportunities put into our hands, and he who, by a systematic self-care, maintains this surplus is in just that proportion prepared to be helpful and valuable to society.

SPECIAL AND LEGAL NOTICES.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN deed in Trust, executed on the 30th day of March, 1880, by George A. Work and Lydia W. Work, wherein there was conveyed to the undersigned, as Trustee, the lands hereinafter described, to secure an indebtedness therein mentioned, to Myer, Weiss & Co., I, as such Trustee, on Monday, the 26th day of July, 1883, at the front, Eastern door of the City Hall, in Jackson, Mississippi, proceeded to sell, for cash, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the following described lands, being and lying in the county of Hinds and State of Mississippi, to-wit: The Sec. 4 and Sec. 5 of Section 21, and Sec. 4 and Sec. 5 of Section 30, all in Township 4, Range 1, East, containing 40 acres or less, (except about twenty acres thereof heretofore on the 20th day of December 1879, by deed of said date conveyed to Abraham Ford; said lands will be so sold in lots, sufficient will be conveyed to the purchaser at such sale as is vested in me as Trustee, which is believed to be good.
June 26, 1883—H. C. STRAUSS, Trustee.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
VS.
MILLIE BASS AND GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Pls vs Forfeited Bond.
UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION in the above stated case to me directed from the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Hinds county, First District, I will, on MONDAY, the 2nd day of July, 1883, at the front door of the City Hall, in the City of Jackson, within the hours prescribed by law, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: One acre and 20 sq. ft. of Sec. 24, east of Harris and west of Shaw, in Section 4, Township 5, Range 1, East, Hinds county, levied upon as the property of Millie Bass, and will be sold to satisfy the above stated writ and all costs. This June 4, 1883.
J. B. THOMAS, Sheriff.
June 26, 1883—W. J. BROWN, Jr., D. S.

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI—EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.
JACKSON, May 25th, 1883.
WHEREAS, it appears from the records of this office, that there was, previous to the 18th day of May, 1883, a reward offered for one Matt., or H. M. Logan, charged with the murder of SIDNEY M. AVERY, in Washington county;
Now, therefore, I, ROBERT LOWRY, Governor of the State of Mississippi, do proclaim that the reward of May 18th, 1883, is hereby revoked, and that the one offered on the 11th day of December, 1882, is still to fall force and effect.
In Testimony Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, this 25th day of May, 1883.
By the Governor:
H. C. MYERS, Secretary of State,
May 26, 1883—

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LUMBER DEALERS,
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L. F. CHILES, Manager, Crescent Warehouse Co.
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Capacities of Mills 5, 10 and 20 Tons Seed per Day.

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H. M. GASTBELL, NATCHES, MISS. April 4, 1883—

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WILL STAND AT THE PENITENTIARY Stable this Spring, the splendid
JACK—BOURBON THIRD.

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E. N. EUBANKS.
Jackson, Miss., April 25, 1883—3m.

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and **Mowers.**
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—AT—
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JOHN MARTZ & SON,
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mar 28, '83—1y. tion.

To Whom it May Concern.

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admitted into the Asylum unless ordered in by the Superintendent.

By order of the Trustees.
T. J. MITCHELL, Superintendent
Lunatic Asylum.
Jackson, Miss., May 5, 1883—2m.

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Give your orders to the driver of my Delivery
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